Old man. I my Lord.

Glost. Then prethee get thee gone, if for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs here a mile or twaine
Ith'way to Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring some couering for this naked soule,
Who ile entreate to lead me.

Old man. Alacke sir he is mad.

Glost. Tis the times plague, when madmen leade the blinde,
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure,
Aboue the rest, be gone.

Old man. Ile bring him the best parrell that I haue,
Come on't what will.

Glo. Sirra, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.

Glo. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Knowst thou the way to *Douer*?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene scard out of his good wits,
Blesse the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbnesse,
Mahu of stealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of Mobing,
And *Mobing* who since possesses chambermaids
And waiting women, so, blesse thee master.

Glo. Here take this purse, thou whom the heauens plagues
Haue humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes thee
The happier, heauens deale so still,
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
That stands your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feele, feele your power quickly,
So distribution should vnder excesse,
And each man haue enough: dost thou know Douer?

Edg. I master.

Glo. There is a cliffe, whose high and bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And

And ile repaire the misery
With something rich abou
From that place shall I no

Edg. Giue me thy arme,

Enter Go

Gon. Welcome my Lord
Not met vs on the way: n

En

Stew. Madame within, b
of the Army that was land
coming, his answer was, th
the loyall seruice of his so
me for, and told me I had
should most desire, seemes

Gon. Then shall you go
It is the cowish curre of h
That dares not vndertake,
Which tye him to an answ
May proue effects, backe
Hasten his musters, and co
I must change armes at ho
Into my husbands hands;
Shall passe betweene vs, e
If you dare venter in your
A mistresses coward, wear
Decline your head: this k
Would stretch thy spirits
Conceiue, and faryewell.

Bast. Yours in the rank

Gon. My most deare Gl
My foote vsurpes my hea

Stew. Madame, heere c

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